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BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
SPRING 1993

# **THE REGISTER**

**Spring 1994-95**

**Volume CXV, Number 2**

Boston Latin School  
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Students in Classes I through VI are invited to submit original writing and artwork.

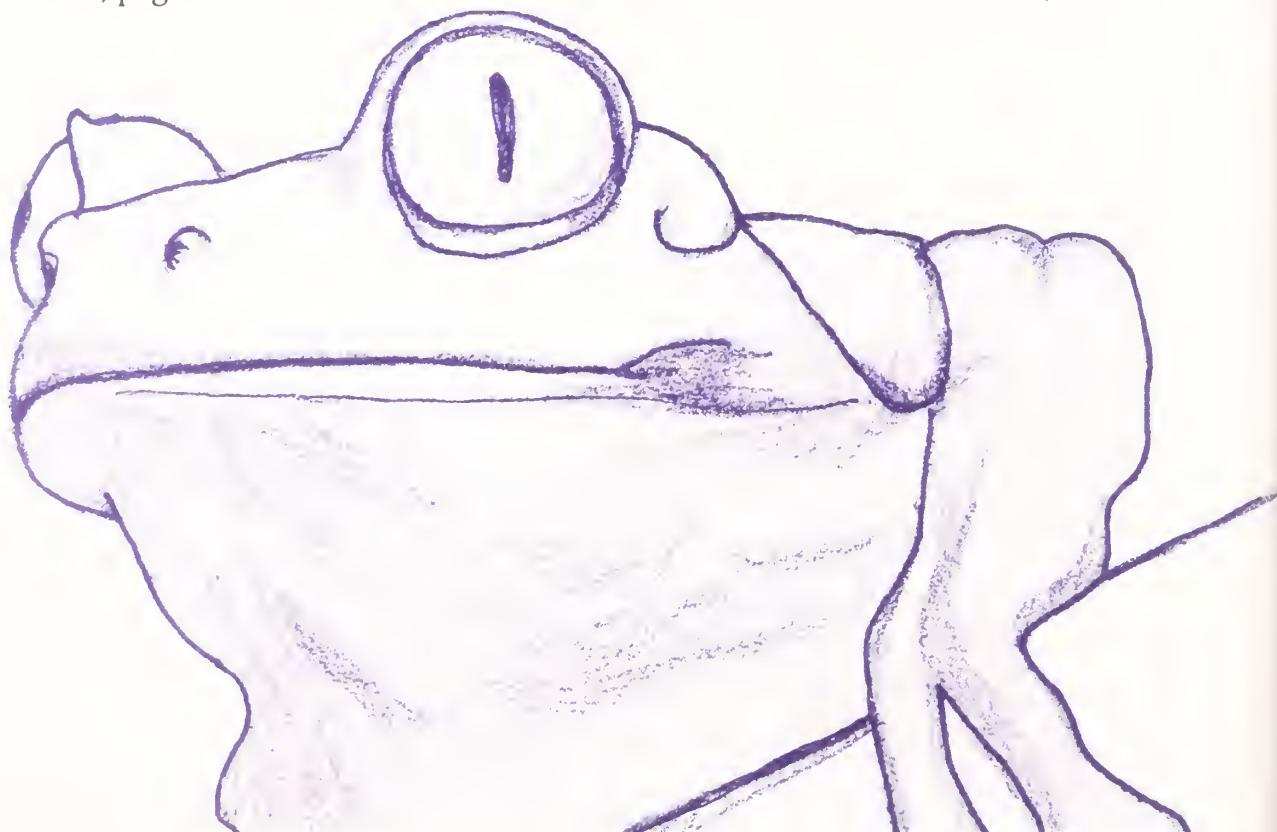
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### TO CHERISH

whew! what a dogday!  
yah, go ahead,  
drink some of  
your mother's famous lemonade.  
don't gulp it down though,  
no way,  
take a small sip of it in your mouth,  
roll it around with your tongue,  
then let it trickle down the  
cavernous depths of your throat.  
afterwards, at a snail's pace,  
close your eyes.  
take in the precious moment.  
let it become a part of you.  
don't relinquish it,  
don't ever.  
the moment is yours,  
and yours to possess.  
you are a child  
and are too young  
to start worrying about what's ahead of you.  
only a child,  
and not for long.

-Aparna Majmudar, V



## COATLESS

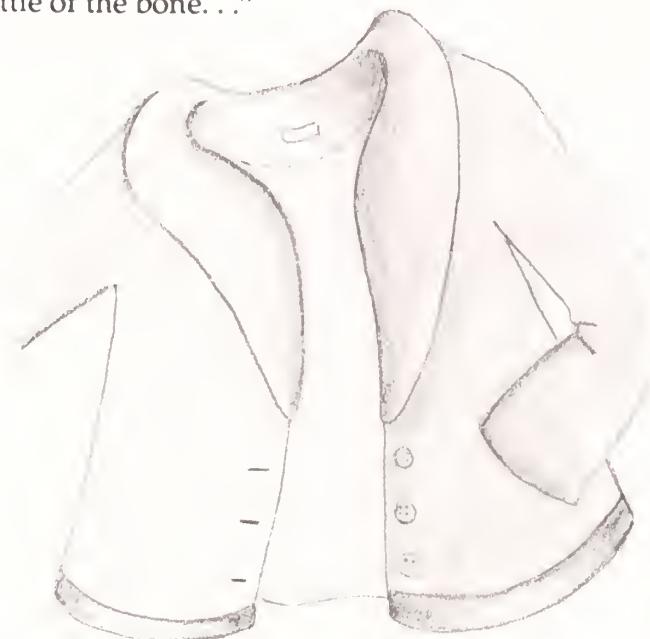
"But at my back in a cold blast, I hear the rattle of the bone. . ."

Chapping my lips to a scabbing crust,  
Charring my cheeks to a chalky rust:  
The invisible scorch of the winter winds  
Shrink-wraps my pain into a grin.

". . .and chuckle spread from ear to ear."

In quilts of illusion

I once snuggled warmly,  
But now stripped to nothing  
I withstand the storm;  
And now truth is frozen  
hard in my skull  
like candy-wraps  
buried in the snow  
sidewalk snow.

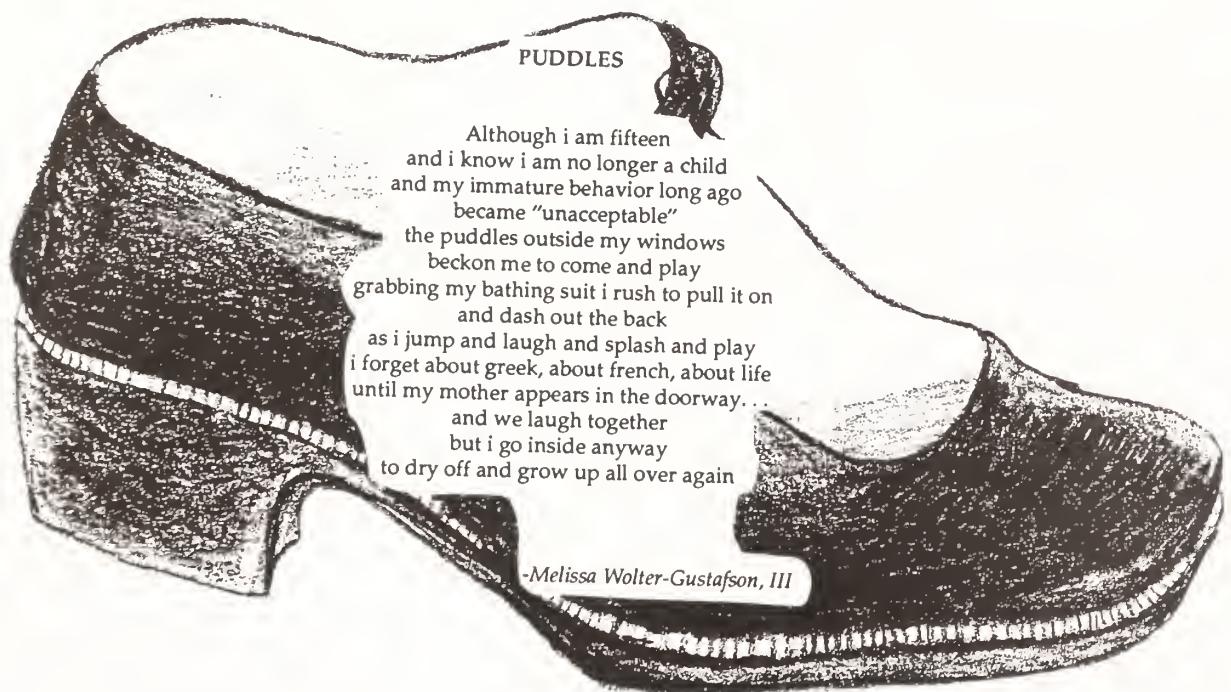


*Paul Chandler, Class I*

## PUDDLES

Although i am fifteen  
and i know i am no longer a child  
and my immature behavior long ago  
became "unacceptable"  
the puddles outside my windows  
beckon me to come and play  
grabbing my bathing suit i rush to pull it on  
and dash out the back  
as i jump and laugh and splash and play  
i forget about greek, about french, about life  
until my mother appears in the doorway...  
and we laugh together  
but i go inside anyway  
to dry off and grow up all over again

*-Melissa Wolter-Gustafson, III*



## IMAGINE YOU HAPPY

I saw you smile twice, once when the spring rain came, and you coyly watched us from behind the telephone pole, jumping into the puddles, while the gleam of the lights of passing cars reflected off our rubber galoshes. We were laughing. The second time was when I watched through my window one summer evening, as you sat cross-legged on the cement sidewalk, awed by the purple sky and its slowly falling sun. I thought it was beautiful too, but you went into your house before I could open the window and tell you. It disappointed me that your shades were always closed, because however hard I looked, I couldn't see you inside.

I can remember your voice. You sang so effortlessly, but the music you produced was so wonderful. I could not help but sit on my porch and listen contentedly, on those autumn days when you walked through your yard, raked the leaves, and sang. When there were family picnics at your house, your parents would beg you to sing for the relatives, but you would refuse, hurry away, and climb up into your treehouse. You waited there for as long as it took for the party to end, and only then did you sing. You sang only when you thought you were alone. I was often listening.

On sunny days, you would sit on your sidewalk, chalk in hand, and draw perfect rainbows. You even had the colors in the right order. You would crouch upon the sidewalk and cry along with sky when the rain came and washed your perfect rainbows away. Your mother would shout from within the house, "Stop crying about your stupid rainbows again!" She didn't see the beauty and imagination that you carefully placed into your rainbows. She only saw flat, meaningless colors, scribbled onto the sidewalk by a child who knew little about the world.

In winter, when it snowed, you sat atop your treehouse, and gazed away expressionless, as my friends and I joyously

drove balls of snow into each other's faces. As you sat, a layer of snow built itself upon your eyelashes, but you allowed it to remain, never brushing it away. When you climbed down, your quiet eyes would glisten with moisture and captivate me. I could see that your face was very cold, because it was more pink than the summer horizon. Still, you lingered outdoors for hours, even after my friends and I had surrendered to the cold and retreated indoors. I truly wanted you to be there, in my kitchen, drinking hot cocoa with us, but my friends thought you were terribly strange.

Now, years later, I have met many people, observed many attitudes and dispositions, and gained many acquaintances. Yet, I am alone, because I couldn't find anyone who felt content with the simple observance of the sun moving towards the horizon. People want to go away to watch the sunset, not sit on the sidewalk with me. I am alone because I cannot find a certain voice whose music carries me to other worlds. Now to hear music not nearly as satisfying, I must follow society to a crowded room full of bizarre people, all of them foreign to me, and instead of listening to the music, I must engage in meaningless conversation with those I have no interest in knowing. I am alone because no one I've met can see the beauty of the rainbow. They can see the surface beauty, but cannot probe deeper and discover that each color has its own distinct feeling of happiness. I am alone, because I have yet to find someone who is patient enough to let the snow melt upon lashes, and cause their eyes to glisten in a gorgeous manner. These people wipe the snow away.

I realize now that I will always miss your rainbows, your songs, and your sparkling eyes. Still, in my dreamworld, I can ever see you watching me from behind the telephone pole, and know that the liquid streaming down your face is not tears, because you are smiling.

-Colleen Madden, II



## SMASHED

When they caught me I said I wasn't drunk. They said: "Yes, well, O.K., I'm sure you're not," as though I was so freaking smashed that I'd forgotten what it felt like to be humored. Well, I hadn't forgotten. I've spent my whole life feeling humored, feeling like no one gives a damn. And what scares me the most is that they don't.

I spent the night crying and puking in the corner of the cell they'd put me in. I kept thinking about what it was like to be young again and obsessed with orange peels; the way you can peel them in one long twirly piece. But the longer you make the piece, the greater the risk of it breaking becomes.

I had woken up on the morning of May 19th, gotten dressed and boarded the bus for school. I was exhausted but not sleepy, and I kept my face looking out of the window of the dingy bus so no one would start a conversation with me. I couldn't laugh off this hell hole today. (*I'm sorry I can't freaking pretend anymore.*)

I went to my locker to fill my bag up with a few editions of heresy. I avoided people who would most likely talk to me. It's strange, but my type of guy is usually an outsider, misunderstood. But recently a strange trend has been occurring where anything weird is considered cool. So many people struggling to be perceived as different like to befriend me. The more I push them away the more encouraged they are. People sometimes get sick of everyone being so fake and nice, I guess. Anyway I think I liked it better when people weren't so lame.

While I was going to my homeroom, I saw Emmy, whose eyes never settled on my face. I thought of our awkward yet sweet, and numbered times together. She was now going out with this football player, the Joe Shmoe type. Just by looking at them you can tell what kind of "relationship" they have. They walk in the hallways and go to parties and they like the title "Boyfriend and Girlfriend." I'm sure he calls her every night and they talk about school.

It is a strange feeling to look at someone and have your whole body scream out for them. You ignore it, smile wistfully, and walk on.

I sat in third period trigonometry and looked out the window at a little piece of grass waving in the wind. Mrs. Matthews went on and on about cosines. I watched the grass. I slowly became aware of someone saying my name repeatedly.

"Mr. Stevens, are you there? Huh, Mr. Stevens?" I turned my face to see Mrs. Matthews' evil little face grinning at me. She was sure glad to have caught me not paying attention. Hell, she was goddamn orgasmic.

"Well, why don't you solve this simple equation, Mr. Stevens."

I looked to the board where there was some horrible little group of numbers and variables that were all square roots. I got up and felt sick. I was sweaty and scared and angry. She knew I had no idea how to solve this.

"Oh, so you heard me, Mr. Stevens. I was beginning to think you were deaf."

I picked up a piece of chalk as Mrs. Matthews began tormenting me some more. Her voice became this loud, huge voice in my head and I became sure I was going to puke or pass out. She loved this. My parents, my teachers, the shrinks they'd all sent me to, all said it was ME; that I was disturbed. But I now knew it was Her. It was Them. I sat there with the chalk in my hand, nearly hyperventilating. Everything, the sounds, the colors, everything around me reached a height screaming ferociously in my head.



I thought about chemistry and how everything had a boiling point. I said, "shut up," but I don't know if anyone heard me. I calmed down and became quite detached. I turned around to face Mrs. Matthews.

"What's the matter, Mr. Stevens, you forget how to add?" (*It's funny that while using a last name is supposed to invoke respect, people with authority use it to do the opposite.*) "No," I said coolly, while some sane part of me was shocked as the words came out of my mouth. "I'm just sick of your evil little face and this evil little torture chamber; because while you may call it a classroom everyone still knows it's a frigging torture." I wiped my face with the back of my sleeve as my shaking began to recede.

Mrs. Matthews' mouth became a little shocked. She began to say, "Why. . ."

"No. No, you don't." I said, all the while realization spread through me. "You've talked and dictated enough." I dropped the chalk on the floor and walked out of the room (*torture chamber*). I went to my locker and got my jacket. My mind was mercifully blank. I didn't really need a jacket but I went anyway. As I was walking out, the hall monitor, an old evil ogre, asked me (*yelled at me*) for a hall pass. I asked him where the hell was his and kept on walking, right out the door of that horrible high school.

\* \* \*

When I got outside I basically made a decision. I walked until a bus came and I took that towards my house. The freedom was incredible and scary. Everything was flashing before me in a beautiful, yet sick and twisted way.

I went to my house. My parents were at work and I was their only child. When you screw up once, sometimes you're afraid to try again.

I took a backpack and systematically shoved various things into it. Boxers, clean shirt, and a toothbrush (*don't leave home without it*). I had a stash of a little over fifty dollars. I also had a checkbook to my "college fund." I grabbed a three-quarters full bottle of vodka (*don't leave home without it*) and left yet another prison.

I walked out of my house thinking how cool I was and I had no idea where I was going. Slowly I began to remember being a child and hiking in the mountains. I used to go often with my best friend, Susy. Even though I was so young, I had appreciated the beautiful, ageless, huge trees and the incredible view from ledges. Susy and I had stripped down to our underwear and played in the cold, clear waterfalls. Susy was the only girl I ever had a functioning relationship with. She moved away when I was ten.

Suddenly hit with a random nostalgia for childhood, I found myself walking towards the bus station that had shuttles to the mountains. It was a bit of a walk and I was drinking my vodka on the way. When I got there I only had to wait ten minutes before I was on the shuttle. I felt no panic or regret about walking out of school. I only felt a pleasant warmth in my chest where the dark hole is supposed to go.

When I got off the shuttle, it was around noon. I walked around, barely recognizing this place. I followed the sound of rushing water until found a stream that led to a large waterfall running into a large pool of water. This had been our favorite place to play. I gulped down some more vodka and, cupping my hands to the pool, I chased it down with water. I was beginning to feel quite drunk. The sun felt so nice on my back. I quickly began to pull off my clothes. I ran into the ice cold water, enjoying the shivers it sent down my back. *Susy, I don't know what's become of me.*



When I got out I was cold and so I quickly put back on my clothes, although the vodka was making it difficult for me to put them on. I sat down and drank and thought until I began dozing off.

When I woke up, it was dark and I was thirsty. Damn I thought and stumbled as fast as I could to the shuttle. I just made the eight o'clock which was the last one.

I woke up back in the city. I continued to drink to ward off a headache and the loneliness that was creeping upon me with sunset.

I didn't know where I was going so I just walked around. The last I remember it was ten. Soon I realized I was right near Emmy's house. I'd been there once.

All the lights were off so I went around the back of her house to her room. I was so smashed nothing I was doing was really registering. I just knew I had to end this night.

My eyes became accustomed to the dark as I looked through her open window. I watched her beautiful form sleep softly. I almost knocked but I thought the better of it and left.

When they found me (with an empty bottle) I was screaming and crying hysterically. I was throwing bottles against the school and had broken many of its windows with rocks. I'd kicked it so many times my toes were bleeding.

As we grow up we are taught to hold everything in, swallowing and choking on it all. A big monster lives in us. It lives in everyone. Sometimes it forces itself out and everyone acts shocked, as if there is no slimy monster in them. Everyday we wake up with the chance that today it may come out. Otherwise we just smile as it eats and eats away at us.

-Addy Parker, III



## APOCALYPSE

Ephemeral ethereal eternities  
(swish swosh, tick tock)  
the sands of time are scurrying, scudding, scurvyng  
through their too-tight cave;  
rummaging for cover  
under each other.  
Each desiring anything but to be the traitor  
who smooths through the canal to

Time's up!  
Turn off your lights, ladies and gents,  
Put down your pencils, greedy students  
Time's up!

"Curses, we abhor you, sly and granule  
(why dontcha pick on someone yer own size)  
A hex! A hex! success mangler,  
ruinacious pernicious pernicious thing."

Time, most vile foe, with a grimace, won't concede.

4 3 2 1 BANG  
BLAMMO  
NO

It's not my fault! bursts our blasphemed maligned Time; I have places to be! I'm like the crazy rabbit Alice shattered! very late! very important date! (lovers, you understand.) I have fates to weave, outrages to purge, infidelities to prod, sinners to beckon, beggars, robbers, whores, thieves, anti-christs, dictators, fascists, scarecrows, nannies, lawyers, liars, beauticians, physicians, renditions (oops), Parliament members, racists, sexists, homophobes, misanthropes, knights, zoologists, philosophers, emptymen to provoke; all your wizards and sorcerers I am, fatal. Worse than the rapists who threaten to pop out of alleys come dark, worse than your polygamous soul-mate, worse than truly bald eagles, worse than your zenith of fury, worse than a cracked porcelain throne, worse than your plague from the Blarney stone, worse than genuine Harvard snobbery, worse than naked angelfire, worse than cleanly snapping duels, worse than frayed snake bites, worse than unfathomable genie mimicry, worse than a broken Buddha, worse than your most bandaged humiliation.

Time! O blessed salvation!

*-Debbie Milstein, II*



## VOLCANO

Her casual pose suggests tranquility; the sparkle dancing in her green eyes suggests happiness. Hidden from the observer are the taut muscles, knotted and swollen from holding this casual stance; few people are aware that the sparkle is not the product of happiness, but of frustration. Her composure masks what is happening inside, the result of so many unresolved problems and suppressed difficulties. Churning and bubbling inside her are pressures, stress, and anger, mingling and mixing and struggling to stay beneath the surface. But just like the red-hot magma boiling from within the thick walls of a volcano, the eruption is inevitable.

Volcanoes, formed when the Earth's plates meet or move apart, are a reminder that the balance of Earth's surface is constantly changing and in flux. Unable to find a place for the pressure that builds from the friction, it is concealed beneath the surface until there is no room for it. Detected or undetected, there are always warning signs when the limit is reached, though people are often oblivious to these warnings until the deafening explosion wakes sleeping children and the stream of molten lava appears on doorsteps. Tremors or faint wisps of smoke are there for those who look for them, like a sudden harsh remark or cold look. Many wisely choose to evacuate in an effort to avoid the destruction, and return only when the ground has stopped shaking and the sun is able to peer through the thick cloud of smoke. Others that were not receptive to the warnings are caught unprepared and must deal with the fire and chaos.

Sometimes the detrimental rage is let out gradually in an effort to avoid the eruption; unfortunately, like the equally destructive lava, this only delays an ever greater explosion. The lava seeps through the vent and hardens at the entrance, closing the escape as the pressure continues to build. Now the explosion will need to be even stronger to break the plug, the denial that there *are* problems.

The accumulation of pressure is angry, and is fighting for an escape. Now there is no ominous warning, no gradual release, as all hope of regaining peace is shot into the sky with a tremendous burst of rage. Fountains of burning rock spout through the vent. Insults are thrown with no hesitation. Boiling mud swirls towards homes at tremendous speeds. Pressure swells in the hands and is released on someone's face. Glowing clouds of hot ash and steam clash in the sky. Damage, destruction, physical injuries, mental pain, and irreconcilable mistakes collect. She has no mercy, no method of selection in her fury as the innocent and the guilty are equally burned with waves of liquid fire.

The anger and lava are now sputtering in a last effort to cleanse her mind and body of the last lingering bits of anger. There is a calming. Now Vesuvius sits stoic, and she watches as those around her try to mend the ruins.

There is a search for the salvageable remains. Some relationships, like cities, are beyond repair and are left behind. Some people persist in staying, denying any fear of another eruption. They wait to see how the lava will cool and then try to adapt to the change. Some stay, but build precautionary dams and ramparts that are broken down only by time and regained trust.

Eruptions can create new, fresh lakes and streams; the cooled ash and lava produces fertile farming ground. Just like the new vegetation that begins to grow on the devastated area, new realizations and relations may emerge from the confusion. The rock and rage that are spewed lead to a stronger knowledge of the inner Earth and the inner being.

-Anna Malsberger, II

## THE SECRET OF MONKEY ISLAND: THE VIDEO GAME

It all started when I woke up, not remembering anything, in the forest. I walked toward a sign pointing towards a path. I walked down it and came to a man looking toward the ocean. I said, "Hi," and he jumped as if he were about to be murdered and I noticed he was blind. He told me he was the town lookout and I left being very puzzled, wondering why a blind man was a lookout?

I got to the town and realized that only pirates lived here. A man on the corner, who had a parrot on his shoulder, motioned me over and asked me if I wanted to buy a map. I told him I didn't have any money and that I didn't want it. He said he would give it to me for free, but I still didn't accept. Finally, he offered me a map and two dollars. I took the map and the money and went to a nearby bar where I got some grog that melted the cups like acid. I grabbed five cups and the melted cup with the grog and went to the jail hoping to free someone. I had two cups left, one with the grog in it which I poured on the jail cell's bars, and four melted cups. I released a man who told me he would do me a favor later. Before he left, he gave me a carrot cake that had a file in it. He realized he could have used the file, but he hated carrot cake.

I went to a nearby circus that had two twins arguing about who should go in the cannon first. I offered to go and they asked me where my helmet was, so I grabbed a pot that I found on the floor and put it on, and they put me in the cannon. I hit a post that was holding the tent and nearly knocked it over, but they gave me three hundred dollars.

I went to the town store and bought a sword and a shovel. I also stole from the store a notice saying the store would lend me five thousand dollars. He also gave me a complimentary pack of grog-o-mints. I walked through town and came to a sword

lesson shop in which I got lessons for thirty dollars. The one thing he told me that might be useful is that the tongue is sharper than the sword, so I tried it out on the first pirate who walked by, and every one after him. They taught me some more sayings and one even said I was good enough to fight the Swordmaster.

I asked the storeowner if he knew where the Swordmaster lived and he said, "Yes." He was the only one in town to know, so I asked him if he would ask the Swordmaster to fight me. He left and later came back saying, "No." I begged him to go one more time, but this time I followed him, and found the Swordmaster, whose name was Carla.

I went up to her and challenged her to a duel and she almost beat me, but after realizing how bad her breath was, I gave her the grog-o-mints and she, like the convict, told me she would do me a favor someday, and I thanked her and went to an island one of the pirates had told me about.

I got to the island where I found an old abandoned amusement park in which I found a man who could make his skull tattoo talk, and which also didn't make the place abandoned anymore. He asked me to see the most frightening thing in the world and, if I did, he would do me a favor. I looked in the box and saw a parrot. The man closed it quickly and told me the story about the parrot and his hands, which were now hooks.

I next went to the Governor's house and I fell in love with the Governor, who didn't tell me her name, but told me if I asked any political man they would know. Before I could ask her to go out with me the head of the police department came and kicked me out.

I told her I would be back, so with the five thousand dollars that I stole from the store owner, I bought a ship at Stan's Used



Ship Emporium. He also gave me a compass, which always happened to be pointing to Stan, and a business card which I threw out because I had no use for it.

I realized that the whole town was leaving when someone screamed that the ghosts took the Governor. I saw the convict, Carla, and the man with the tattoo and asked them if they would be my crew and they said, "Yes."

We boarded the ship and no one did anything so I went to the kitchen and found a box of cereal with a key in it. I took the key and put some cereal in a boiling broth which I guess Stan had left there. I went to my sleeping quarters and opened a chest with the key and found cinnamon sticks, wine, gun powder, and a list of ingredients for the broth. I made the broth and when I put the last ingredient in we finally made it to where the ghosts had taken the Governor: Monkey Island.

I took out my pot and fired myself from the cannon to Monkey Island. There were monkeys everywhere and they all worshipped a large monkey head which scared me so much I ran for my life. While running, I came to a man who was sleeping.

I woke him up and he jumped for joy because he actually had a way of getting home. I asked him about the monkey head and he told me a story which let me know that all I had to do to scare the ghosts is show them a monkey, so that is what I did, and the Governor came and hugged me for saving her life. When she hugged me, my treasure map fell out and I realized it was a dance step. The marooned man picked it up and told me he knew where the entrance to the path was. When we got there, monkeys surrounded us and pointed to a sign saying, "DANGER--DO NOT ENTER." The old man told us not to worry so we continued on our hunt for treasure. We followed the map exactly and we came to the "X" on the ground. A sign said, "Welcome to Monkey Island's Only Treasure Besides the Monkeys." We dug for hours and finally found something. We opened it up and a letter said, "Take only what you need and leave some for the other treasure hunters." So we did.

We got back to our boat, wearing our treasure which was actually a shirt saying, "I survived Monkey's Island." To help us on our trip back, the old man took some trained monkeys to be the ship's crew.

-Michael Bell, VI



## A PERFECT WORLD

I, I am insanity.

I offer my invisible hand to the helpless, and I smile my crooked smile at the nobodies.  
I float down the deserted streets viewing broken hearts through tinted windows that lead to lost souls.

I lead battalions of broken dreams away from the pedestal they build for her.

I lead them to my garden in the middle of a gray somewhere, where they are again planted in hopes they won't grow toward her brilliantly false light.

But they do.

All are drawn to her iridescent symbol of power.

Only we see the truth.

She, she is genius.

She leads her power peregrinations to nowhere with a great assurance.

She crinkles her pretty eyes at the crowds who strive to walk in her slender shadow.

She handles her figures in a confusing enough way to overwhelm the poor dreams who, once broken, must be led to my garden.

About them she cares not.

It's the ones who most resemble her she fears, for it's they who join me in my work.

It is against them she turns her adulating mob.

Yet we fight on.

We, a band of dreamers, who dream only of working with her—working to create a perfect world.



-Mark McKenna, II

"Against the New Year sky,  
Beyond the fence flutters  
The Stars and Stripes."

"Why does Obaasan always recite that poem?" I asked my mother of the haiku my grandmother was constantly reciting as she rubbed the army medal of my grandfather. "What does she mean when she says 'Beyond the fence'? Why was she behind a fence?"

"Well," my mother started, "in the 1940's, Japan and America were at war..."

It seemed like years ago when Midori was actually happy—when she could run around freely in the streets or just walk in the park. Often from behind the fence she would gaze at the long stretch of land before her and try to wish herself out. Now in every direction she saw only high barbed wire fences and rows and rows of horse stalls, one for each family, that were never comfortable. Everywhere she turned an armed sentry stood silently, waiting for something to happen, waiting to shoot the first "Jap" that tried to escape.

They had had only a few days to evacuate. Her family had two days to sell whatever belongings they could; the rest were given away. She remembered the train ride. Twice while they were stopped, a window was broken by rocks thrown by angry citizens. She remembered seeing signs reading "slap the jap", but she also remembered signs proclaiming, "I am an American", across Japanese store fronts. She remembered hearing Senator Stewert of Tennessee saying that "they [Japanese] are cowardly and immoral...A Jap is a Jap wherever you find him," and so on about how the Japanese did not deserve Japanese citizenship. When she thought of this, she felt a wave of nausea. She knew this was not the reason her mother and father had come to this country.

All her life Midori had called herself

an American. She even used the American name Mimi with her friends, but now her own country was rejecting her, but she was not Japanese either. "When one is born in America and learning to love it more and more every day without thinking it, it is not an easy thing to discover suddenly that being American is a terribly incomplete thing if one's face is not white and one's parents are Japanese of the country Japan which attacked America." She was only Japanese in appearance. She knew nothing of the Japanese language, and yet she was charged with being a traitor. On those long days she often wondered why it was only the Japanese-Americans that were sent to the concentration camps and not the Italian-Americans or the German-Americans. America was at war with them, too.

The only thing that pulled her through the day was the thought of Shiro, who was to arrive at the camp any day now. Their families had been friends since birth, and she had grown up with him. Little by little she had learned to love him not only as a friend, but as a husband. They had been planning a big wedding before the evacuation, but had had to have a small ceremony in a hurry before they were moved out. The most recent letter she had gotten from him said that he was on his way.

Mimi woke up in the morning with that excited feeling that small children feel on Christmas when they know something is going to happen. She ran to get the mail and saw a letter from Shiro. Strange, she thought. Shiro should be here today. He couldn't have written already. With growing dread she opened the letter. "Dear Mimi," the letter read. *"I have been transferred to another camp, and they plan to start me on training immediately. They've accepted me into the 442nd Regiment Combat Team, a team of second-gen-*



eration Japanese-Americans. I'll write more later. Love, Shiro." Mimi read the letter over and over hoping she could've been wrong, that Shiro was really coming, that she would see him, that she would turn around and there would be Shiro with a "Surprise! I fooled you, didn't I?" But it didn't happen. Shiro wasn't coming back.

After a while Mimi started to feel proud of Shiro. He was fighting for their country, fighting to prove he was a loyal American and always would be, and be accepted as one. Another part of her was angry at the country for not recognizing these men of the 442nd earlier, but that feeling stayed in the back of her mind while Shiro's news of glory filled her with pride. Already, he had won a medal of bravery, a silver star, proving to the country that he could be trusted. In fact, hundreds of medals were received by the 442nd. Finally, she thought, we have been accepted as part of this country. No longer would they see the cartoons of stereotyped Japanese with the monkey face and huge buck teeth. Everyone would respect them from now on. She barely even minded when she bore their child alone. She couldn't wait to show him their beautiful daughter. How proud he would be when he came home.

Then she got the letter she had been waiting for. Shiro was coming back! The next days were spent in anxious waiting and preparing, trying to make the little shack as comfortable as possible. Then she heard the awaited knock. She flung the door open and with a big smile, welcomed the face of a white American soldier.

"Good morning," she said as she pulled herself together. "I'm sorry, I was expecting my husband."

"Oh, well I don't know how to—I was friends with your husband. He must be one of the bravest people I ever knew. It's just—ma'am, your husband was killed. I—he—I'm sorry." Mimi just smiled politely. "Ma'am?" the young man said, "I'm

sorry..."

"How did it happen?" she asked in a low voice.

"He was a brave man. A very brave man."

"How did it happen?" she asked again.

"I'm sorry... He—a man—he was just—we were meeting with another section, and a man—oh, he was so full of bitterness—he—he shot him. He was so confused. He—he couldn't realize that *this* Japanese was on our side," the soldier stopped bowing his head in shame." Shiro's last words were to take care of his wife. He said, Take care of my wife and daughter. Tell them I love them."

"And that's what happened," my mother finished with tears in her eyes.

"And that's the end?" I asked.

"That's the end."

-Katrina Grigg-Saito, III



## BREAKING AWAY

I am trying to remember that little girl, the one whose picture hangs on the living room wall. She is holding a bouquet of fake flowers, and laughing, because her biggest care is that Christmas is only three months away, and her biggest fear is that maybe tonight her night-light won't be enough to keep the monsters out of her room.

"Whatever happened to that little girl?" I ask myself. I find it hard to believe that there was a time when I looked in the mirror and she stared back at me. As the years went by, her cares and fears were replaced, and so was she. The only proof I have now of ever knowing her are photographs and memories, and some of the little treasures she left behind. Instead of being greeted by her cheerful, childish face in the mirror, I see only her replacement. I miss her.

I remember the way she absolutely idolized her parents: the way Daddy could play the harmonica, and how Mommy could make play-dough from scratch. At night, Mommy would let her brush her long blond hair after reading her a cute little story, and when her hands got tired, she'd fall asleep on Daddy's chest. Then he'd carry her upstairs to bed, and she'd wake up to kiss him goodnight and say, "Don't forget to kiss Mommy for me."

The next morning, she'd wake up at 5:30 to watch "Captain Bob" and then "Batman" at six. Daddy always told her to go back to bed when she sneaked downstairs in her Strawberry Shortcake pajamas and scared him before he left for work, but she could never fall back asleep. Instead, she'd surprise Mommy with breakfast (cereal on toast), and Sundays were always special, because she'd prepare a special menu for both her parents to "order" from.

I remember she loved the songs "Uptown Girl" and "Let's Get Physical," but

nothing could beat the read-along stories she listened to on her Holly Hobby record player. She hated Transformers, wrestling, and those bathing suits with the criss-cross straps because she could never figure out which way to put her arms through. She loved to put on make-up and Mommy's high heels, and wearing Daddy's loooong t-shirts to bed. She couldn't wait to be a grown up because adults were so lucky—they could do ANYTHING they wanted to (and their lives were so exciting!). The things she hated most were spaghetti sauce, rough toilet paper, mosquito bites, and tangled hair. Her favorite book was One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish by Dr. Seuss; it was all her dolls' favorite, too. She had not one, but TWO tea party sets—just in case a few unexpected guests should arrive. She loved giving her dolls makeovers, liked smearing red lipstick all over Miss Piggy's face, and giving Strawberry Shortcake a haircut (which turned into a wiffle). She always wondered why it never grew back.

She always wished her life could be more like the fairy tales she read and listened to. She never knew how close to them it really was. And now I can only wonder why there comes a day when we choose to leave our fairy-tales on the shelves, because the novels and histories and classics seem so mature, so interesting. I wish I had the chance to go back in time and tell the little girl that fairy tales are much livelier, much more exciting; that the adult world isn't as great and grand as it looks through such tiny eyes. I wish I still saw her reflection in the mirror, I wish I still idolized my parents as she did; I wish she had known then what I know now. The one flaw of childhood is that we don't appreciate it until it's gone.

As I lie in bed tonight, thinking of her, I wonder why it is that we never know what we have until we lose it. Some day, years from now I may look back on tonight,



and realize that this part of my life was not a new, boring novel, but simply the next chapter in my fairy tale. I know that as the girl in the mirror is replaced again, and again, and again, I will probably be too busy chasing after memories to notice her learning until she's already gone.

My eyes are bored with staring at the darkness (the night light's long gone). As I feel myself gently falling into the depths of Dreamland, I hear a soft echo from far away, a tiny voice that says, "Don't forget to kiss Mommy for me."

-Kelly O'Rourke, II



## YOUTH

It was fun to stare at the stars,  
Especially when you couldn't see a damned thing in front of you,  
And you could always count on the North Star  
To lead you in the right direction  
To the wrong place.  
In fact, you did count the stars,  
You tried...  
Not caring if you counted the same one twice,  
Not remembering the ones that you couldn't see.  
You learned  
that the sun lighted the moon,  
that the moon wasn't the only moon,  
that the sun wasn't a planet,  
that the sun is a star  
(which hides at night).

-Colleen Madden, II

K / C OOL

you speak.

sometimes.

you want to be cool.

(Kool would probably be K /C ooler)

not like that though.

you want to talk

rather not out loud,  
shhhhhh.

I see. you

say

just listen. (hear)

Hear my thoughts

huh?

I think.

feel too much.

you don't.

I do.

I want to be

heard.

felt.

heard

(listen)

(Oh no— I didn't mean to affect)

rather I would prefer  
you just knew.

what

more?

all

behind these massive

frequently dripping  
spheres of chocolate

brown- eyed girl.

Is that where you feel?

Feel.

I think.

(facts that lie

lie behind your blue eyes  
before your Sun- streaked hair,  
more?)

I think.

behind these seducing  
little knolls,



you are  
Beautiful.

rambling or eloquent?

is that where your heart is?

these or what lies  
behind?

you.

If you have one.

I love you.

I love.

to feel.

huh?

how do you mean

how?

how

do you know  
what lies?

I try

to believe.

that's rare for me.

to trust.

you

think. feel. love.

sure.

sure.

do

(I ?)

do.

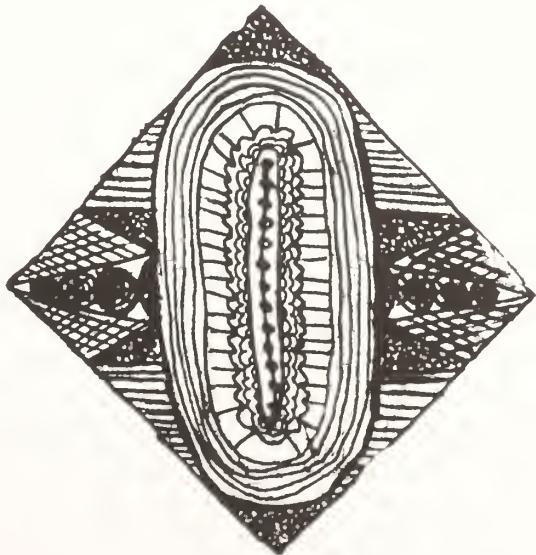
go ahead.

are cool.

kool

you.

-Adrienne Campbell-Holt, IV



## WHAT IS PRESSURE?

The clock is ticking: tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock. Everyone lies dormant in the house as the hand on the clock strikes midnight but he is still up writing that critical essay for Writing class. He puts his head down on the keyboard of his computer, conversing with his mind, "Just a minute, that's all, just one minute and no longer."

From a distance he can barely make a faint sound out. As he shakes his head, he becomes conscious of the fact that the Doomsday siren of his annoying alarm clock is still blaring. Hurling it across the room he catches in the corner of his eye those fluorescent digits that normally should not appear on the face of his clock when he wakes up for school. "6...5...4...!" As he records the numbers in his brain it dawns on him. He has only 15 minutes to get to the bus stop. "I can't be late again. This is the second time this term." He knows all too well the consequence of being late. He will get tardy detention, he will be reprimanded by his track coach, and that isn't even the half of it. The unexcused tardiness will go on his permanent record therefore upsetting his parents at the next report card, possibly keeping him from getting that well-deserved summer job, and perhaps even nullifying his chances of making it into the National Honor Society. As he leaves his home he looks at his watch, 6:58. Only two minutes left before the bus departs. Casting himself into the frigid 35 degrees below zero weather, he begins his futile sprint to the bus stop, which just happens to be located all the way at the other end of the street. The bus is ten yards away on his left and withdrawing from the stop in a fury. He rotates his body into the opposite direction and takes off, since his only chance would be to run to the next stop. Twenty-five feet from the bus stop he turns to see the bus gaining on him with each stride.

When the bus pulls up alongside of

him, the glare from the side panel shines into his eyes. The reflection distracts his attention and one of his friends asks him a question, "Are you coming tonight?"

"Where?"

"To the party. It's gonna be at my brother's fraternity. They'll have booze and plenty of older women."

"I don't know. I have a lot of studying to do tonight."

"Gimme a break. You have all weekend to study. There's no way you can miss out on a party like this."

"Well, in that case I... It'll just be impossible..."

"Impossible. What do you mean impossible?"

"It's the midterm. Do you really think that we would get an easy test? I'm telling you it will probably be the most difficult exam of the year and definitely one of the more important ones."

"Bags off the desk, class. You will have thirty minutes to complete this exam. Don't forget that this test will count as 35% of your overall math grade for the term." The effects of this exam will be immeasurable on his life if he does not do well. Many times he questions whether he will crumble under the pressure of test taking. He spent his entire gym period sitting on the stairs going over last night's homework, for he had been too busy to do it the evening before. As the paper is passed back to him he flips it over and looks at the first problem:  $\cos 2x - 3 \sin x - 2 = 0$ . Nervously his pencil begins to streak across the paper, jotting down all of the formulae he could remember from his studying in gym class, faster and faster.

"Faster, pick up the pace! You're falling behind." Looking up and listening intently to his coach's words, he notices that the leader of the pack is desperately trying to pull away. He can't allow that to happen though, not with all those hopeful glances



from the crowd resting in his eyes. He looks up at the scoreboard and sees the score 45-40 Weston over Latin School. To help his team maintain a chance of winning their first and only possible victory of the season he had to come in first. The only words that appear in his mind are crucial pressure, two words that seem to come to his attention each moment of his life. Upon reaching the straight-away he gazes over those watchful, expectant faces of his fellow teammates and coaches. The official darts his hand out, "Five more laps, five more to go." He turns the corner and realizes that the perspiration oozing down his face has become blinding. Without relief the question baffles his mind of whether the pressure is emanating from his 1600 meter race or the extreme importance that has been placed upon those constantly injured legs of his. Over and over again he pictures the disappointment he will see in the faces of his team, if he does not succeed. He feels as if his head is being wrenched into a vice grip; the two sides gradually closing in on his brain cells, tighter and tighter. The desire to let loose all of that exhaustion and stress with just one deafening scream slowly becomes more of an option and less of an illusion. As he continues onto the last straight-away from the finish line he hears resounding voices getting louder and louder. "Come on, you can do it. You're almost there."

"So, can you do it?"

"Do what?" He replies.

"Can you answer the question, what does pressure equal?"

"Um...Um...pressure is the condition of being painfully oppressed in mind or body with the need for prompt and decisive action."

"That's probably a great definition if you were consulting the Oxford English Dictionary in your Writing class but this is Physics. Here, Pressure = Force over Area." Laying his head down on the desk he contemplates the discussion that had just gone

on and begins reiterating to himself, "What was wrong with my definition of pressure? I can see how it relates to physics. Area can equal your mind or your body and force can equal any of those tribulations an individual encounters throughout the day." Repeating the word pressure to himself as he lay there he began to put himself in a dreamful trance. Pressure, pressure, pressure...

"Oh no! I can't believe I did this!" Leaping from his computer he realizes that he must have dozed off for a couple of minutes. "What time could it possibly be?" He says to himself. "2:00 A.M. in the morning! How could I have fallen asleep for two hours!" Having looked up at the computer screen he is startled to find that he has not yet begun his definition paper. Slumping into his chair with his insistently drooping eyes he writes the heading and title. Gliding his fingers over the keys, one sentence floats upon the screen: the clock is ticking...

-Giancarlo Nardi, II



## MY FIRST TIME

It was my first time. He was much older. Unlike myself, he had done it many times before; there had been many before me and would be many after me. He wasn't worried. Sensing my nervousness and realizing my lack of experience, he spouted phrases like: "It's okay, I know this is your first time," and, "Don't worry. I'm sure you'll be fine." But his words were mechanical, as if he were reading off cue cards. I could see through the veil of forced sincerity and into his hollow eyes; he didn't care. I didn't matter. It was his job.

Nonetheless, I wanted badly to impress him, to be good. I wanted him to find my way desirable, more desirable than the rest, even. I wanted to be good at it. All of my friends had done it at least once since their sixteenth birthday; not me. I had heard that if he liked you, it was easier. And I wanted it to be easier. Anything to release the tension... and besides, I had five hours (for five additional "lessons"—I couldn't possibly do it for more than an hour at a time; that is practically illegal) with him, my parents had prepaid. I also had five hours observation. Observation is much easier, though, you just sit there and watch. Quietly. I actually like watching. I prefer it.

I wasn't uncomfortable around him per se, so much as I was uncomfortable with what I was about to do; as I said, it was my first time. And he was practically a stranger. I had seen him before, twice a week for the preceding eight weeks, though. I had spoken with him, too; he wasn't exactly personable, but he was nice enough. Besides, his personality wasn't important. We wouldn't be doing much talking, anyway.

Before we began moving, we took the needed safety precautions; I fastened mine cautiously, as I did everything that hour—with the caution, but not necessarily the skill, of a brain surgeon. Then we engaged in meaningless small talk, ordinary foreplay

for such events. Things were going almost smoothly; I was in control, in the driver's seat and it actually felt good. At that point, I did something wrong.

He stiffened and slammed on the brake. "You're not as good as I thought you'd be," he stammered, disappointingly. I sighed to myself and attempted to glue my self-confidence back together with the notion that I'd get better with time, and of course, experience. As if he hadn't gotten his point across already, he continued, "You're not as good as your sister was." I know, I thought. And then the voice responded: "Yeah, I guess it doesn't run in the family." The minutes that followed ebbed from the hourglass like water droplets from a leaky faucet.

His correcting me made the tension thicken like pea soup. But still, I had to go on-to learn, and to get my money's worth.

I restarted the action slowly, slowly, slowly, so as not to rush into anything which would bring on another mistake. "Faster," his sharp voice pierced the awkward silence, deflating it like a balloon. "Sorry," I mumbled. I went faster. I started to like it.

Looking to my left and right, I realized something. Lots of other people were doing it all around me. Nobody else was panicking, so why should I? I went faster. He didn't say anything. I went faster. And faster. And faster. To test him. To test myself. Finally I was comfortable. And still in control. People started looking at me. I was powerful. I really liked it. "You better slow down," he smiled, "we'll get caught..." And with that smile, and ease, I slowed down and kept going steadily, perfectly. Smiling, smiling, smiling.

So, you see, my first driving lesson wasn't that bad. And I'll be doing it with Bob, the older man, the instructor, a few more times. And I think I'm going to like it.

-Liz Hauck, II

## MASK OF INDIFFERENCE

I put on a mask of indifference  
but the shame was felt deeply.  
There was no escape.  
I opened my face to the heavens  
and let the rain touch my mouth.  
My arid soul refused to yield.  
For one moment I was center  
of the universe  
with all its imperfections.  
But I was free from the chains  
of self loathing,  
despair,  
and  
rejection.  
Finally, I could see myself,  
all alone and complete.



-Meghan Sullivan, II

## TEMPUS INANE PETO...

I know the pain of Dido,  
the ache of lost love.  
I know the prayers she uttered,  
to the silent heavens above.  
But dear Dido, they do not listen,  
to the poor heart-broken ones.  
They go about their merry lives,  
while love the mortal world shuns.  
I do not blame Aeneas alone,  
for my Aeneas is the same.  
There are many more playing his role,  
and they all share in his shame.  
Have faith Tyrian sister,  
know you are not alone.  
All those who share this circumstance,  
join in your love-lorn groan.  
I plead on your behalf,  
while to the heavens I pray.  
Tempus inane peto...  
great Jupiter let him stay.



-Alicia Curtin, II

## GOVERNMENT

The electricity went off.  
And because of the power outage  
The torture of a civilian was interrupted.  
He was tortured by an employee  
of the "non-government."  
The power outage also brought an end  
To the songs of hope sung by the people.  
The lights go out.

This non-government decides it is best  
For the country to be without water  
For hours at a time...  
To save water...while destroying lives.  
No water to drink, to bathe in, or  
to cook with.  
Life may be over.  
The water goes off.

The people are losing patience.  
They want water, power, freedom.  
They don't know what to do...yet.  
Then they decide to fight back.  
A riot.

The dictator sees the riot.  
He is displeased.  
He orders the military to go in and  
clear the streets.  
Shots ring out... A pregnant mother  
and her son drop to their knees...  
Then to their faces.  
They are dead.  
Many others fall,  
Either from a bullet in the back,  
because they are running away,  
or from exhaustion.

"The riot is controlled!" says the newspaper.

People go home bleeding, crying.  
A man has lost his son, wife and son  
or daughter to be.  
He cries...  
And promises to avenge the loss.  
He buys a gun, illegally,  
and goes to the house of the dictator.  
The man fires a bullet through the dictator's  
throat...  
Then he takes his own life.

The people hear about the man's death,  
Yet they do nothing.

And the lights go out again...

-Damian Padro, III

## FADED YELLOW LINE

The car was a pale gray instead of its usual gleaming white. The night skies and the dusty, pitch black road had turned this new sports coupe into a swift dustball, a gleaming object covered in a film of grime and filth.

The man was driving, his long Irish face tarnished with an involuntary frown, a frown that had developed from too many painful and stressful years. The woman was sleeping, her more stout features accentuated by her slumping position against her seat belt strap. The child was in the back seat, perhaps playing his video games, perhaps napping, perhaps whining, but the man and woman didn't notice. They were too busy thinking or dreaming about the past day and a half; the funeral and the wedding they had attended were so close together: an ironic situation of a passing of one generation and the beginning of a new one.

The road opened up into a long straightaway through a field of wheat, the man lurched the car into fifth gear, shifting too early. He rolled down his window, reached into his pocket and pulled out a cigar. He bit into the plastic wrapping and tore it off, spitting it onto the floormat. His long, slender arm reached mechanically toward the car lighter, only to find it was not in its correct place.

"Goddamit! Wake up! Give me my goddam lighter!" he boomed at the woman, waking her up, his cigar humorously flapping up and down in his lips as he screamed. His chin was now jutted forward in anger, and his profile now seemed very funny to the woman. She did not respond, but only laughed at him.

"What are you laughing at? I don't understand you, really I don't. You're goddam insane."

"It's just that your face looked so funny. I'm sorry. Really, I'm sorry." she

said, biting her lip and turning away to hide her smile and to make him think she was insulted. The man looked over and saw her body quivering, and assumed she was crying.

"I'm sorry. I just don't like being laughed at. Don't cry or anything. Let's try not to fight in front of the c-h-i-l-d." he said, spelling out the word.

"I h-e-a-r-d that!" the child screamed from the back. He had figured out most of his father's petty tricks long ago, and only reminded him when it might be funny. The woman laughed again, her body shaking her clip-on earring off. As she bent over to retrieve the silver and black yin-yang earring, the car lighter slipped out of her jacket pocket and into the man's lap.

"I knew you had the thing. You got me started on these things anyway," he said, smirking at himself.

"How did I do that?" she wrinkled her brow at the accusation. She had never smoked anything in her life, except for an occasional ham.

"Your goddam brother kept on giving me these things whenever we'd go to see him. He'd always smirk and say 'Cuban?' and open that goddam box where he keeps them; you know, the ivory and ebony yin-yang thing he has," the man said, taking his hands off the wheel to show how the brother would open the box, pinkie extended.

"Don't say anything about my brother. If my brother's so bad, why are you smoking them? You're so hypocritical," she felt proud of herself.

They stayed quiet after this exchange for several minutes, he smoking his cigar and she trying to drift off again. The child was still nonexistent. With the field behind him, the man downshifted for the severe curves up ahead. The car whined and squeaked as he rounded the first curve too



fast. He rounded the next curve with ease, accelerating towards the end. As he turned, however, he knocked the cigar out of his mouth and onto the floormat, leaving a burn-mark on his shirt. He bent down slightly to get it. As he took his eyes off the road he saw something streak onto the road. He slammed on the brakes without looking up from the ground. The car shuddered as he hit the thing in the road. The car spun slightly and the woman and child awoke from their trance of boredom, immediately grabbing onto something for support. The car slid to a stop in an embankment thirty feet from where the striking had taken place.

"What the hell?" the woman screamed, wanting an explanation. "Are you okay?" she turned to ask the child, who merely smiled and said something about that being cool.

"It's something," the man said coolly, killing the engine and putting on the windshield wipers to wipe off the splattered blood. He exited the car, telling the child to stay in the car. He and the woman approached the bloody mass thirty feet behind them. They both slowly approached it, their bodies slightly turned as if ready to run any second. Observed objectively, this scene might actually seem humorous; two grown adults ready to turn tail and run as if in some haunted house or playing some childish game. Their faces, however, reflected a severity that could be interpreted as nothing but fear and contemplation. They carefully observed the object. The rotund torso had been caught in the wheelbase and been chewed up and thrown backwards by the rear-wheel drive. Standing, both of them were the same height, and both wore black clothing that made their pale faces appear alive against the morbid scene.

"Goddamit!" the man broke the silence. "Just what we needed!"

"How can you say that? Look at this."

"I said stay in the goddam car!" the man screamed to the child, cutting off the woman.

"What the hell happened?" she asked, remembering her question had gone unanswered before.

"I dropped my goddam cigar on the floor. I didn't see until it was too late. It's all your brother's fault," he said, smirking at this joke. His mouth made a strange U-shape and he could feel his smile going away at the realization that this was not a time to joke.

"That wasn't funny. What should we do? Should we go to a hospital. Check to see if it's still alive," she said in one breath, anxiously looking down the desolate road. The man pulled out two brown leather gloves from his back pocket and put them on without taking his eyes off his patient. He walked around to the other side of the lump and put his hand on its bloody chest. He looked up and saw its tongue hanging out of its mouth, eyes closed, mud streaks on the hairy neck and still chest. The smell of swamp mud and freshly broken leaves permeated from it.

"Nope," he said, rising and removing the gloves, slipping them back into their home in his back pocket.

The man and woman were now faced with a moral dilemma. Should they ignore this dead creature lying on the ground, and almost certainly not get into any trouble with the law for it, or should they bring it to the nearest hospital? The creature did not seem to be something that would be missed. It had run out of a desolate forest, not near any sort of houses or anything. Its shabby coat and bare and muddy underbelly suggested it had been traveling through the forest for quite some time, or at least for a long distance. It was thin and bony, and had several lacerations on its lower legs.

The man and woman had been standing out in the warm swamp air for at least twenty minutes now, and had seen no sign of cars nor any sign from either one as to



what should be done. The man started to pace back and forth, swearing to himself and occasionally stopping to look at the woman, who was now leaning against a willow tree on the other side of the road.

"Stop that," she muttered at him, and he ceased pacing, knowing she hated it when he did that. Her face was concentrated on the faded yellow line that divided the old country road. The moon was now directly above them, and the shadows and trickery of the night faded away.

"Did you check the car?" she asked, looking at him and then at the car, the child's head barely visible over the rear spoiler.

The man started to walk over, whistling a Mozart Requiem. He peeked around to the right side of the car. There was a bloody concave dent in the right fender. He got in the car and grabbed some glass cleaner and an old rag out of the glove compartment. He reminded the child to stay in the car. He went around the back of the car, checking for blood stains, and approached the right fender. He systematically erased all traces of blood and mud from the fender.

He returned to the woman, still looking at the yellow line, her face tense and red. She refused to look at the man, but simply looked at the yellow line, not responding to his staring or obvious attempts at acknowledgment. She just looked at the yellow line.

"We should leave," she abruptly spoke. "There is no need for us to stay. It wasn't your fault, you couldn't do anything. Why should I go through any aggravation if it's not my fault?"

"You mean why should I go through any aggravation?" he said, giving her a peculiar look.

As the two discussed what they should do about this goddam bloody thing the child silently exited the car and started to tiptoe towards the strange thing that the man and woman had been standing over for what seemed to him a very long time. He sneaked into the trees on the side opposite of where the man and woman were now argu-

ing. He slowly approached the figure lying there, checking to see if his parents were watching.

"Hello," he whispered, kicking the thing. He felt a firm hand grab his neck.

"I thought I told you to stay in the goddam car!" The man's voice would have knocked the child over if not for the restraining hand on his neck. The child tried to blurt something out in retort, but was abruptly met with stronger pressure on his neck. He broke the man's grasp and quickly hurried off to the car.

The child stayed in the car for a few more minutes before the man and woman joined him, both silent. The child could see that they were both very angry, perhaps at him, perhaps at each other. He didn't know.

The man turned the key and started the ignition. The car, still warm after three quarters of an hour of sitting still, accelerated smoothly back onto the curves of the old country road. As they exited the curves that had proved so troublesome, another huge field opened up in front of them. The field looked as if it had once been harvested with some crop, but now was overrun by weeds and wild flowers unable to bloom in such stagnant conditions.

The man and woman were still silent. They hadn't scolded the child or even acknowledged his presence. The man just drove, and the woman kept her eyes focused on the faded yellow line that divided the road. The sun had started to rise in front of them as they approached home a few hours later. None of them had slept, especially the child, not wanting to miss any argument or information exchanged between the man and the woman. The car turned up onto the driveway. The man pressed the garage door opener and inserted the car. As the man and woman exited the car, the child said something.

"Daddy, who was that man on the road?"

-Eben Burnham-Snyder, I



**GOLDEN CITY**  
(original written by Boris Grebenshikov)

**Город Золотой**

Под небом голубым  
Есть город золотой  
С прозрачными воротами  
И яркою звездой,  
А в городе том сад;  
Все травы да цветы.  
Гуляют там животные  
Невиданной красы.

Одно, как желтый огнегривый лев;  
Другое волк исполненный очей;  
С ними золотой орел небесный,  
Чей так светел взор незабываемый.

А в небе голубом  
Горит одна звезда:  
Она твоя, о ангел мой,  
Она твоя всегда!  
Кто любит тот любим,  
Кто светел тот и свят,  
Пускай ведет звезда тебя  
Дорогой в либный сад.

Тебя там встретят огнегривый лев  
И синий волк исполненный очей,  
И с ними золотой орел небесный,  
Чей так светел взор незабываемый.

Under a bright blue sky  
A golden city stands  
Transparent gates keep guard  
To a star with silver rays,  
Inside a garden lies;  
All grass and not a tree,  
And in it wanders animals  
As wondrous as can be.

One is a lion with a fiery mane;  
Another—a wolf, whose eyes with kindness  
gleam;  
And finally the third, a gold winged eagle  
Whose eyes contain the wisdom of the whole  
world.

And in the bright blue sky  
There shines a single star.  
It's yours, oh darling angel mine  
To keep 'til the end of time.  
Whoever loves is loved.  
And clear will holy make.  
And to that treeless garden  
The star will lead your way.

And there you'll meet a lion from my dreams.  
A dark blue wolf whose eyes with kindness  
gleam.

And with them you shall see a noble eagle,  
Whose eyes contain the wisdom of the whole  
world.

-Kate Fruman, III

## THE TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE, NO GOOD, VERY BAD DAY

I am in such a foul mood. Not even foul. Abysmal. All my thoughts seem to be wrapped up in gauze, and I can't seem to clear my head. My life seems to be tinged orange-yellow, with the flavor of bile. My friends drift in and out, ineffectual. My surroundings look like backdrops from a black and white cult film.

My shoulders are drooping, dragging my eyelids down with them. My stomach rolls and hollows out. I'm incapable of optimistic thoughts. He's not going to call. The poem I'm writing is clichéd. My hair is frizzy. I'm so tired. My friends all hate me. I sprawl there, thinking, "Why am I feeling so low?" It all started this morning:

First of all, my alarm clock didn't go off. I forgot to set it last night. No matter how much I hate the sound of my alarm, the sound of my mother yelling, "Sonya! You're going to be late!" is even worse. I hate rushing. It makes me so tense, and I always forget something. In this case, it was my Language Lab papers. Zero for that assignment.

On the bus, I realize I am dead tired. My sight becomes blurry. I should *not* have stayed up late last night talking to my friend about the guy who just started dating someone else. The guy who I'd been enthralled with for over a year. Oh boy. That was not a good thing. Maybe if I had only... I won't even think about "What might have been if..." I didn't do an iota of homework. And today is the last day of the term, culminating in as many tests and quizzes as possible. I rest my head on the railing in front of my seat, and I miss my stop. Time to trudge. Now I'm even more late.

First through fourth fly by in a whirl of test-taking. I have successfully failed them all. Whoohoo! I haven't seen my friends all day. Seems that they're all out.

Seems that they decided to cut school today without telling me. Lunch is excruciating sitting by myself. I'm not exactly feeling sociable, but some company to shield me from the gaping telescope of the cafeteria population would be nice. Besides that, I've forgotten my lunch and my wallet in my superhuman rush this morning. I'm not *that* hungry, I tell myself.

In gym, fifth period, I get beaned by an overzealous classmate in dodgeball. Sixth period, the nerd who seems to be obsessed with me asks me out again. I hear some gossip about a chick who is wearing a really horrible dress today, and I realize that it's me. Seventh period, my favorite teacher calls on me. I am sitting there wallowing in my own drudge and watching the clock, and I have no idea of the answer. She asks me to stay after class and I get a lecture on "working up to my potential." I just want to get out of here.

I run out of school, forgetting my math book and my umbrella. It starts to pour, of course. I almost smile at the irony of it, but those little men in my stomach that are pulling my shoulders down are keeping me from lifting the corners of my mouth.

When I get home, I burn dinner. I have to take out the trash for my sister. I am utterly incapable of comprehending my geometry homework. I drop my favorite Sesame Street dish on the floor during dinner and break it, spilling burnt spaghetti everywhere. I receive a warning from the parental units about my current unemployment. I can't take any more of this. So I run up to my room, and here I sit, trying to unwrap my gauzy mind, strip by strip. As I peel it away, I notice that there's no real scar. Just a flesh wound. In a couple of days, I'll forget what happened to me. My life is not over. But maybe this mood will be soon.

-Sonya Satinsky, II



## PANORAMA

I

I adore myself. My mind can be formed into the means through which I will master my life. Here is the plan. It is logistic purity, an ideal method.

You see, we all have biases directing our decision-making process to an outcome. These are the ideas that we have subconsciously learned, repeated suggestions that have induced a prejudice, or emotions which are a fundamental part of our character. Although often unaware of it, we exhibit instincts similar to those that we study in animals. This description of pathetic, animalistic human behavior is the main truth of my theory.

Realizing this truth of human psyche at a young, wisdom-thirsty age, I know that I have the mind to conquer it. Of course it isn't hard to eliminate these primitive influences once they are recognized, and I have the open-mindedness to see them all. My faith in this itself will give me the motivation and determination to not succumb to human follies. Then, as with a property owner who has razed his lot, I will have a pureness on which I may create what I choose.

II

What is there to this method of mine? It is an infinite paradox that is attacking my mind! This theory in itself keeps pointing out to me that every thought I have is based on something that I can't necessarily accept as truth. It is in fact not a perfect theory because it tells me to reject itself, then I am totally lost. I must return to human behavior periodically as a gasp for air, for I am drowning, losing myself in a psychosis!

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a)

I try to tell my friend about reality, although I know that he thinks I have merely fallen for human blindness. However, of course, he is the blind one, as I once was, and I hope that someday he will escape, as I did. Through escape I now truly have control of my life. I know what to do, I have found the goal and am aiming for it. My friend is trapped in the uncertainty and confusion of the evil world. Perhaps someday he will see, as I did, that only in God's divine power will he find truth and guidance.

b)

Once, I too had my friend's optimism. Now it is gone, and I am left, a confused heap of a man. All because I am too smart, not like those others who all have some deity or goal to follow. I know better than to accept any of these, for how should I know one to be any better than the other? Obviously each is convincing to the right kind of person when it is presented in the right way. How can I follow my ideal, when I would be choosing a goal in the same way as everyone else?

c)

My friend's vision is similar to one that I remember from my youth. I consider time



to be my awakening, for it was then that I first uncovered what has led me to my current contentment. I suppose that he left off his story at the point crucial to the outcome. I, too, felt that confusion, and I remember one rather important idea that stuck with me then. I considered mathematics to be almost mystical in its amazing correlations to the world that I saw. The beauty was in the control that math gave you, the infinite possibilities that would always work out magically because of its few, simple rules. I learned from this that a successful system of logic must have some rules accepted without proof, the building ground that was lost in my friend's translation of a razed lot. Through concentrated, prolonged thought I made up my own foundation, the essence of which is the power of mind and faith in itself. However I often miss the spiritualism of life that I am denying and I've learned that I can't escape my human behavior. I suppose that the question of what is right and wrong may go beyond an absolute truth. Spiritualism, romanticism, and the others of which I have disavowed myself will provide, to one for whom they are the truth, as much happiness as anyone else may get from any other reality. In telling this I think that I have destroyed my system, for I am just realizing that it only works because I believe in it. Now I remain; all I have is my consciousness. I am left to find a new essence in life, one which transcends any contradictions that my mind may believe.

-Peter Glenn, III

#### OTHER PEOPLE

Other people  
Quick, shifty eyes cast  
downward.

Look away, you might make contact.  
Don't want to know, don't want to find out.

Ignorance  
Desensitization  
Fears

Other people  
Talk about you when  
you can't hear them  
Whispers Taunts Slurs  
wrong clothes wrong face wrong parents  
nothing you can do, they say  
sorry, can't help you  
Indifference  
can't you take a joke?  
Jeers

Other people  
slowly breaking you up into a million tiny pieces  
continual pain, an old injury that keeps coming back  
dismaying  
never-ending, undermining  
Tears

-Danielle Brown , IV



## ASSASSIN

It was hot that day, July 17th, 1963. So hot your clothes clung to you, your hands were dripping, your face was the ripest tomato of the plant. Your parched throat struggled to swallow and your feet cried in your shoes. It was so hot that even I, a hired assassin, wished I were home with my wife and kids in central air.

I watched from my hiding place, concealed from the crowd of witnesses, sheltered from a pool of possible innocent bystanders. I watched senator after senator get up to speak in this public debate. I waited for my time. I waited for a long time. I waited for my target.

Refreshing my memory was easier than satisfying my appetite. Forced to look on as this senator drank nonsparingly from his forever replenished cup, and ate appetizer after appetizer, my only comfort was to look at an old campaign photograph of "my" senator, and keep my eyes peeled for his mug.

Thirty minutes went by, stuck behind that blue curtain in the back. The woman in the red dress in the back row appeared to be growing restless. She sighed despairingly when a new man was called to the podium. At one point, I thought she heard me loading, but I suppose the resounding roar of applause must have outshouted me, and she reassured herself it was in her imagination. Growing restless myself, I decided to redirect my attention to the side of the room. Cameraman after cameraman were waiting to grab a photo of each senator. I watched, loading and reloading, thinking all the while of whose nightmarish photo would accompany the front page headline, "Senator Shot at Public Debate." Beside the busy cameramen were the officers, whose duty it is to serve and protect, but whose failure it will have been to have done their duty well. They looked so serious and so self-confident

within their position and within their uniforms. I redirected my attention to the crowd of voters and reporters, all fanning themselves with their cue cards and programs.

Forty-two minutes. The heat. Claustrophobia. My only comfort was the cash I'd be collecting from this job. But after waiting, and suffering through one tired speech after another, an unknown voice announced the name that matched the face. I straightened my back and positioned myself against the curtain. The gun, cocked in my right hand, felt cold and hard and deadly.

He got up from his cushioned chair. His right shoelace was untied and his collar slightly loosened, not quite the positive image expected to be portrayed by a senator. He smiled at the exaggerated clamor sounded by the admiring audience. He took a last sip from his glass and straightened his crooked glasses. As he approached the podium, I positioned the gun to match his every move.

He stood, just a torso and a smile, with a reflecting head. To the normal human eye, he would have looked like any other man, but my employer knew differently. . .my boss sat, nervously twitching and constantly tapping his feet. He sat on that same stage, presumably innocent, and yet he was the one responsible for this tragic assassination that was about to occur, the murder of his fellow senator.

I watched the unknowing victim for only a minute, making sure I had him. Without any guilt, any conscience, any delay, I pulled the trigger.

I saw his body drop, limp, and a rush of the crowd for the stage; then I made my quick departure. I ran from behind the blue curtain, around a corner wall, exposing myself partially to the stunned crowd. Someone must have spotted me, maybe a cameraman, or maybe the paranoid lady in the red



dress, for immediately after, I found myself running out a door and bolting down an alley. I looked behind me, and saw two of the uniformed officers not so far behind. I passed a woman and her daughter, who shrieked at my approach. I did not have time to see their faces, but kept running, hearing the footsteps of my panting pursuers behind me. One more corner and I'd be safe. I saw the car as I turned the corner, and running a little less determined now, I slowed my pace. Brick walls were all around me. Cracks in the pavement. I ran, my crying feet falling behind me. Finally, despite my agony, I reached my getaway car and was assured of a safe departure. The car skidded away and the wheels squeaked. We accelerated, and as I looked out the back window, I saw the faint, dejected looks on the faces of the failures.

I thought I'd never have to see them again. That's what I thought, until the next day when I got a knock on my residential home. Arrested. Handcuffed in front of my poor wife and kids. Forced to leave the

central air and go back out into the surreal heat. That's when I found out that despite the fact that the lady and her daughter were not seen by me, the same did not apply to them. Identified in a line-up. I decided to confess and give over the name of the employer.

"And that's the whole story. Now I'm here. That's all I know, sergeant, I swear."

"What about the name of the man who hired you?" the man asked.

"First tell me. . .did he survive the shot? Nevermind. It doesn't matter anymore. The name of the employer is. . . (pause) Senator Parks."

I live that day over and over in my mind now. That hot day, July 17th, 1963. I hear the gunshot that ended my life. I still don't know whether the man survived. All I do know are the four walls I look at day after day. I don't even remember central air anymore.

- Debra McCullough, II



## THE HANCOCK TOWER

When you look up at the Hancock Tower, it's like looking at a big blue ocean from an airplane, complete with little, shining boat waves made by the sun's reflection. One could also look at it like Niagara Falls, only with a source somewhere in the sky, coming crashing down in the middle of Copley Square. Sixty stories of clear blue water. When you look down from the top, you feel as if you are in an airplane or helicopter, looking down on the city as a newscaster would look down on a highway. You can see the whole city and more, like a giant, life-sized map of eastern Massachusetts.

*-Frank de Bros, VI*



## THE GIFT OF INVISIBILITY

Tasha was one of those children people never manage to see. She had lacked the smiles, the laughter, and play in the park that other children exhibited. She walked down the streets of her neighborhood with strong deliberate steps. Each foot placed solidly in front of the other was her soldier-like style. She walked with urgency, as if she were heading somewhere important. She walked silently and made sure she was never heard. "Fast but careful and make sure not to get caught," she said to herself constantly when in the public spotlight. She couldn't afford to be caught. No drive-by, no drug deal gone wrong, no gang war was going to steal away her life. She was the brave little soldier, unarmed, and protected only with the gift of invisibility.

It seemed like ages but it was really just three years ago when everything changed for Tasha. It was a summer just like the one now. The sky was waning towards that midnight blue that marks the beginning of a true summer's night. He had come home at last. Julius hadn't been home since last night. Tasha ran across the room to hug him, ignoring the stench of alcohol and weird chemicals of which he always seemed to smell. He smiled and kissed her on the cheek. She smiled. She loved kisses. It was a way of saying I Love You. She kissed him back. He left her to her Sesame Street on TV and found his parents in the kitchen.

Mom was washing the dishes. Dad was reading the evening edition of the paper. They saw him enter and immediately started to fight. Dad asked:

"Where the hell have you been, boy?"

"Friend's house," he said.

"I was worried sick. Don't you ever think to call?" said Mom.

"I couldn't help it," he said.

"Yeah, I bet it was that Andre boy you were with. God, why can't you find any

decent friends, boy," said his father again.

"I was just having fun. And, by the way, I have decided to move out. Maybe live with Andre and his buddies for a while. Maybe I'll live on my own."

Julius was intentionally being flip-pant. He loved seeing his father mad. Lately all he had cared about was himself and his friends. He didn't care how mad he made his father.

"That's foolishness. Where are you going to get the money to support yourself?" his father asked.

"I'll manage."

He walked out of the kitchen and headed for his room. Tasha pretended not to hear the fighting and kept to her ABCs with Big Bird. Dad and Mom immediately followed him and started to bang on the locked door.

"Get out and speak to us now," Dad yelled while banging on the door. He kept at it for the whole ten minutes it took Julius to open the door. His rage was getting the better of him. He was desperate. Julius had one of those huge duffel bags in his hand when he came out. It was stuffed to its limit. Julius was really leaving. He headed for the front door. The last words that were said before he left were:

"You're not selling drugs, are you? You're not selling drugs. Please say you aren't selling drugs, son," said Dad and the door slammed with a thud. He got no answer. Tasha never left her TV. Elmo was heard on the TV saying, "We all should share," and that was the last time Tasha saw her brother.

It had almost been three months since he moved out when Dad saw him on the street corner. Tasha missed him. She was happy at first. In her mind instantly flashed the image of saying hi, getting a hug, and having a kiss from her brother when she



went to see him. Dad said no when she asked for permission. She asked again and he said no again. Tasha said she would do it anyway and started to run for her room but Dad grabbed her by the arm. He was screaming:

"No, you can't see him. He kills people. He lies to them. I can't have that in my family. I can't have a son like that in my family. I don't have a son and you don't have a brother. You can't see him. He's a drug dealer."

Tasha cried, Dad covered his face with his hands, and Mom burned dinner. The house was silent that night when everyone went to sleep. No one spoke for many days. Things changed a lot that summer.

Summer turned into fall and then winter and spring. Julius never left his place on the street. The cops occasionally would drive slowly up and down the street trying to catch him in the act. They only busted him once. Dad and Mom somehow managed never to look down the street to see their son. They were very good at blocking him out of their lives trying to block them out of their heads. For Tasha, it was harder. Sometimes she would have to pass him by on the street and she would look at him long and hard and wish she could go up to him and give him a hug. His acceptance of her looks made it even harder for her to stop. Eventually, though, she did.

With every look into his face, she also saw what he did. Sometimes she would see the buy go down and the cops staring down her brother. She began to look away. She learned to walk faster whenever she had to pass by. Sometimes she decided to stay in rather than face the prospect of seeing her brother on the street corner. By winter, she was able to pass by without seeing him. Sometimes there were minutes and even hours when she could block him out of her

mind. Dad, Mom, and daughter started to stay indoors a lot more. The scope of the outside world started to diminish. They didn't have to face Julius.

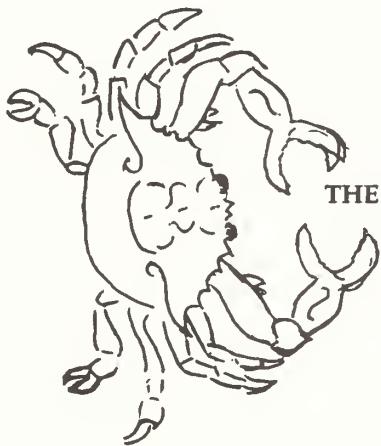
The Family had almost made it a year without Julius when he died. Summer had come again, hotter and more furious than before. Apparently Julius had died in a turf war with the gang of the adjoining neighborhood. The whole city saw a picture of Julius on the front of the local newspaper and on the evening news. He was on a stretcher, his blood soaked through the sheet covering his body. His right arm dangled to the ground. Dad kept a copy of it in the armor between the pages of the photo album of his baby pictures. Tasha was supposed to never see the picture, but she did on the day before the funeral.

It was a simple funeral. There was no church service or wake. Dad and Mom just buried him quietly in the family plot and threw lilies on the descending coffin as it was lowered into the ground. A priest gave him last rites. His name was never spoken again in the house. Tasha tried to leave her house as little as possible. When she returned to school in September, she was different. They saw it.

Some said how sorry they were over her brother, but they really meant her. She said nothing. She gradually drifted away from her friends. The world began to see her fade away and she became invisible. She would come home and cry sometimes. Dad and Mom were the only ones to give her hugs and kisses now. The smiles and the laughter, the outside world never saw, were still there in that house. It was three of them against the world. They were in a battle to keep the streets from taking their last child. Maybe they would win this time.

*-Chantalle LaFontant, I*





THE DEATH OF A CRAB

Down on the beach with the tide out,  
the rocks bare in the wet sand,  
the blue night eating the sunlight,  
the salt air damp and cold,  
I hunted for crabs:  
stepping about on the tops of the rocks,  
digging on the barnacles so as not to slip off.  
Squinting through the dark,  
I saw a small red one scitter  
across the sand into the grey shadows  
of a slate boulder draped in brown seaweed.  
I chased after and he ran  
out the shadows across the sand  
into a shallow sea-pool  
surrounding a small rock.  
I watched him race around in the water.  
He was going nowhere.  
  
I reached in the water with my forefinger,  
pressed on his shell,  
and he stopped.  
I arched a "C" between my pinkie and my thumb,  
gripped him by the shoulders, picked him up  
and pulled him to my face and stared.  
He looked annoyed:  
little black beads for eyes,  
beige foam bubbling out his mouth.  
He tried to stick me with his legs,  
to pinch me with his claws,  
but I held him in a way  
that he flayed at the air.  
Then he stopped flaying;  
legs let dangled in a bunch.  
I thought he was dead.

Maybe I scared him to death.  
Or maybe he was tired of living.  
But then he started struggling again:  
legs flapping,  
claws clapping.  
It was sad to watch him struggle like that.  
He could do nothing.  
It was up to me.  
  
I set him on a nice flat rock  
and crushed him to a crunchy pulp.  
I checked the bottom of my sneaker.  
I saw shell bits and blood stains stuck on my sole.  
I wiggled my foot in a puddle of blackened water  
left in the crater of an overturned rock.  
Floating on the tops of the mini-ripple waves I made,  
I saw red bits of crab shell  
and greenish streaks of blood  
and orange brain-stuff.  
  
I started walking home,  
thinking about the crab who was dead,  
thinking that I could have let him go,  
let him limp-scuttle home;  
I could have walked away with a warm smile  
and the warm thought of a free crab  
in the cold sea.  
  
And then I knew that I shouldn't have killed him,  
and on the way home  
I checked my sole again—  
it was clean.

-Paul Chandler, I

## HELL

The rain had already completely drenched him when the first of three bullets planted itself in the battered, ancient, wooden sign reading Dachau. Upon seeing it, Elie pumped his legs harder, fearing for his life. His heart was beating through his throat, and his breath was coming in short, rhythmic pants. He glanced back quickly, catching a glimpse of the two S.S. soldiers and the K-9 pursuing him. He burst through branches, hopped over roots, and ran right through prickle bushes, until he could feel his legs throbbing from the cuts he had endured.

Elie was finally drained of his energy. He tripped on a tree root, nearly cemented in the ground, and tumbled into a small brook, flowing with water. He could now hear the crunching of the leaves, and other debris over which the soldiers were now marching over. Elie crouched into the sewer pipe, and the soldiers passed by him. But not for long. When the soldiers were just out of sight, Elie darted down the badly paved road toward the neighboring town. The K-9 perked up its ears, then yanked the leash as it swung around to chase Elie. The soldier released his grip on the chain-linked leash. With Elie striving to run faster, the dog slowly gained distance until it was in stride with Elie and ready to pounce upon him. Elie reached up, ripped a branch from a tree, and struck the dog across the face, splintering the rain-soaked branch. The dog whimpered, and stumbled briefly, stunned by the blow.

Elie sunk into a daze, and slipped ungracefully, falling at the black, shiny boots of an S.S. officer. He gazed up in disbelief, from his crouched, uncomfortable position in the dirt, and attempted to escape. The man towering over him unlatched the button on his holster, removed his pistol, and struck Elie on the back of the head. Elie blanked out and collapsed.

Elie Asimov had been forced into the concentration camp of Dachau over three years ago. He was now nineteen years old. He worked all day, everyday. He returned to the disgusting barracks every evening, and tried to sleep every night. One night a plan was formulated. A plan to escape hell, the hell which Elie had been living. He was skinny as a rail. He was treated as an animal. Beaten. Tossed around. Mocked. This was not life. He was not living. This was a horror which only those who experienced it could convey and know. Pain and anguish are the result when a survivor attempts to tell his story. Elie's tale was the same. No glimmer of hope was in sight.

But now, by way of a Nazi guard of the camp who had an unevil heart, who wished to help the Jews, a few prisoners had the opportunity to escape. It was every man for himself, for none of them knew what lay beyond the barbed-wire fences. Elie had made his attempt at escape, but had been struck down. He now lay in a dirt room, along with the six other men who had sought to escape the hell as well. Four black-booted soldiers hovered over them, each with an automatic weapon.

One of the captives gently awakened the unconscious Elie, stirring him slightly. Elie slowly rose. As soon as he reached his feet to stretch, his knees gave way from the blow or a butt of the gun of one of the guards. An officer appeared in the doorway, barking in German to the prisoners to stand and follow him; "Schnell, Schnell!!!" The men pulled themselves to their frail legs sluggishly, due to the physical and mental exhaustion which they had withstood; and because they all knew their fate. Life was to leave them, but to heaven they would go, exiting the hell which had haunted them. They walked past six other men, Jews, Standing one behind the other. A German soldier

stood in front of the line with a loaded pistol. He cocked it and fired. Four men fell like dominoes. Two more remained, untrembling, expecting a painless death. They stood proudly and each absorbed a bullet, joining their friends in the mud.

Elie and his companions hiked along until they reached a blood-stained, stone wall. They were instructed to line up side by side. They did so calmly and expressionless. Three soldiers appeared alongside the officer. They leisurely loaded their guns, cocked them, and stood at attention.

The orders came one at a time, in a

monotonous, deliberate tone. "Raise your weapon...Take aim..." Elie closed his eyes and began to recite the Shma," accepting his inevitable death. "Fire." The bullet arrived and whisked him away. An endless sleep engulfed him, and he slumped to the rain-induced mud. The bullet, however, was Elie's passage from hell. Elie was at peace. The hell was erased from his mind. And gradually, thoughts of serenity, placidity, and tranquility entered the same mind, as his body was lifted and thrown into the blazing pile of already burning bodies.

-Avi Spivack, I





WIDOW

She sits there alone  
In the remains of what used to be a tree,  
Deserted, her husband dead,  
Her children gone.  
In the day, she weaves;  
At night, she sits and wonders,  
Wonders why she killed her husband.  
It was a tradition for her species,  
A tradition to kill after mating.  
Was that so wrong?  
Her mother had killed her husband,  
And she, herself, had followed the footprints.  
Her only comfort was in weaving,  
Weaving her sorrow so the world could see.  
And one day, when she dies,  
People will marvel at her work.  
"Oh, how pretty this web is!" they will cry.  
This web that glistens in the sun,  
Sprinkled with morning dew,  
Each strand holding heavy sorrow,  
This web woven by the black widow.

-Lisa Cai, IV

## PERFECTIONISM

Perfectionism is the compulsion to master every aspect of one's life.

The perfectionist is one who gets up regimentally at five o'clock every morning just to neatly retuck his blankets in case he wants to take an afternoon nap. The perfectionist is one who gives his teeth a dental cleaning every morning, afternoon and night. He will get a manicure every week. He will redress himself five times a day, just to make the right impression. The perfectionist must have the two ends of his tie exactly aligned. The perfectionist can't have one hair out of place. When tying his shoelaces, each must leave five inches for two loops of equal length. He dry-cleans his underwear and shaves twice a day—once at noon, once at nine.

The perfectionist is one whose habits seem tedious to those on the outside. He cuts the coupons on the dotted line. He rakes every leaf off his lawn. He vacuums the vacuum. He replaces fresh flowers daily with fresher flowers. The perfectionist cuts off the bread crusts, reconstructing the crustless bread into a perfect square. He irons his bills; he polishes his pennies. He takes all the lumps out of his oatmeal and picks out every seed of his watermelon. He studies non-stop, to ensure another year of perfect A+'s, in the 18-hour break he has from higher learning. He reads the dictionary; he's only on the letter "T." Yet, when asked, "What is failure? What is fault?" he responds, "Their meanings escapes me!"

The perfectionist washes his car every rainy afternoon. He peels every brown microscopic imperfection off the potatoes. When cutting the grass, he maintains a length of 1/4 of an inch. The perfectionist is one who writes his homework once, twice, three times; he doesn't know what white-out is. He throws out a five-course dinner, because one course burned. He cleans the ketchup cap after every use. When coloring, he stays within the lines, always! He throws out the non-perfect, non-circular pancakes, and when the popcorn does not fully pop, "Well then the job wasn't done right," he replies (while disposing of it). The pillows on his couch must be three inches apart, when measured before sat against. The perfectionist is one who, after he has cleaned his room, brushed his twenty-eight teeth, ironed his pajamas, given himself a facial, and set his alarm clock, settles down to attempt the task of correcting his imperfect dreams.

-Debra McCullough, II



## MOVIE MEMORIES

I never met my grandmother.

She died before I was born.

But, I see her often, in pictures around the house, or sometimes in the mirror.

There is an old home video of her teaching my aunt how to wrap a sari.

She stands, kneeling over her daughter, like a god fashioning clay into a man.

She wraps foot after foot of purple and gold around the brown body of my young aunt.

My grandmother's fingers, with their overly-bitten stubs of nails,  
shift, tuck, smooth, crinkle, wrap, release, and wind the fabric.

She is enveloping her daughter in security, and love, and maybe even hope.

When she finishes this ritual in the movie, she sits back, and my aunt rushes off.

Then, my grandmother smiles.

The wind blows her hair into her smile, and she looks up at the rustling palms behind her.

Her hand, chapped by washing with lye, and softened by applying hair oil, pulls the hair away.

And she begins to laugh.

Her laugh did not trip, gurgle, or bubble like a stream.

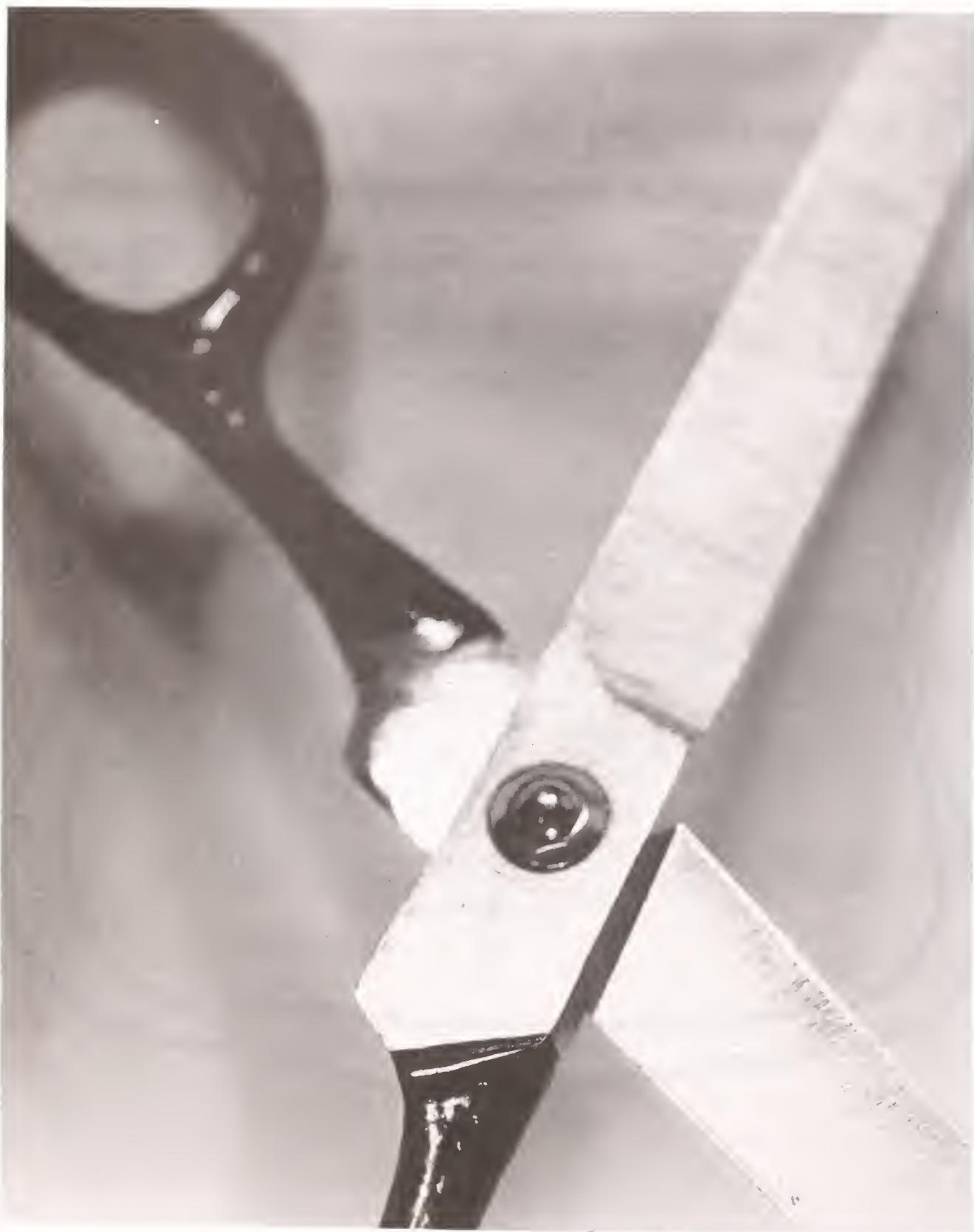
It rumbled in her chest, and came out silent, as only a quaking in her body.

But, too quickly, the laugh stopped, and the smile faded from her lips.

Her eyes once again face the camera, startled that it had caught this secluded moment.

Then, the movie fades to black.

-Megna Majmudar, I



## ***Benefactors***

Thomas, Frances and Jaclyn Kilday  
Marc and Dora Older  
Kevin Roche

## ***Friends***

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Peter and Katherine Black	Elliott and Gail Laffer
Frank Colvario	McCormick/Aversa Family
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Joanne Ekhaml	Livio and Kathleen Poles
Jim Gorman	Tim and Ginny Quinn
Rob Snyder and Louisa Hall	Al and Joan Stankus
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